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The Squire's Change

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The Squire's CHANGE.

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ITS of a brisk young servant maid as you the truth
shall hear,
she lived servant at an inn, it was in Staffordshire,
It is of a brisk young squire on her cast an eye,
A guinea he would give her one night with her to lie

Then early the next morning he to her mistress said
He said to her mistress where is your servant maid,
Where is your servant maid? for I think it strange,
Last night I gave her a guinea and she has not brought
the change,

Good lack a day I said the mistress you need not be
afraid

For on my word and honour she is a pretty maid.
Betsy overhearing them into the room she came,
Here, sir take back your guinea, for I could not get
it changed,

but mark what follow'd after you presently shall hear
Young Betsy had a sister and she lived very near,
Her sister she conceived and brought forth a son.
They both agreed to take it to the squire home,

In its best bib and tucke they dress'd it out so neat.
Inquiring for the squire and soon they found his seat
Do not you remember a guinea to me you gave,
And now I've brought the change and you the same
shall have,

For if you do refuse to the Justice I will go, for no
And you shall have your change whether you will
he said go down to the Rose and Crown and to you
I will come,

Let all things be hushed up and not a word be known

Two hundred pounds he did pay down to her that
very day,

Very glad the squire was she took her change away.
Here's a health unto young Betsy she set wit at wit
she has served the squire right for using her so ill

Betsy keeps her service so witty and so mild
Two hundred pounds young Betsy got all by her
sisters child,